

THE WAR CRY.

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

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THOMAS R. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

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THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A SALVATION SOLDIER. STUDY THIS PAGE.



CUTLETS FROM CONTEMPORARIES

Automatic Ticket Agent.

Another "Less Work" Invention.

The Great Western Railway Company are commencing an important experiment. They have decided to install, at Snow Hill Station, Birmingham, England, a railway ticket printing machine, which, it is contended, will render almost superfluous the booking-clerk. It will, as we know to-day, it will also do away with the somewhat cumbersome system of storing the thousands of different tickets, which may be called for by the travelling public.

The machine is small and unpretentious-looking contrivance. It is three feet six inches long, barely two feet broad, and four feet in height. When a ticket to a certain station is required, an indicator, which carries the name of every station upon the system, arranged in alphabetical order, is touched, the clerk slips a blank into a slot in the printing carriage, a small handle is turned, and a completely printed ticket drops out, ready for use. That is all the work required.

At the same time the ticket is printed, a record of the sale is placed in duplicate upon a continuous strip of paper, together with the fare, and all information required for book-keeping. As a result, when the clerk goes off duty, all that he has to do is to total the continuous strip, and to count his cash. The machine is capable of printing 3,000 different tickets.—British Social Gazette.

The Indian Milkman's Wedding.

White Salvationists Among Natives.

We looked on with interest. The bride's father presently asked if we would care to take rice and curry, and when we assented, ang said we would eat it Indian fashion, his delight was unbounded.

It was now raining heavily, and the pandal roof providing no protection from the downpour, we were invited on to the verandah. At one end was a large box, covered with a new mat. We squatted down on this box and thoroughly enjoyed the nice food provided; while we ate, the other guests crowded round to see the English folks use their fingers, and good humouredly laugh-

ed, because we scattered the rice all over the leaf.

After we had washed our fingers, someone began questioning us about The Army and its religion. This was our chance. The rain was still falling heavily; so, still perched on the box, we began to tell the Gospel story. What a picture we all made! Packed as tightly together as possible, the men sat on the little verandah, the women got as close as they could to the window bars and the door-cracks, and the children clambered over the verandah rail, and everyone listened with rapt attention.

When we at length took our departure, we were thanked most profusely for our presence and our words. Laden with flowers, we returned to our quarters, praying that God would water the seed He had privileged us to sow for Him amongst the devil-dancers at the milkman's wedding.—India's Cry.

Among the Catacombs.

Sacred to Christian Martyrs.

How can one help being moved, when one visits the Catacombs of Rome, where the Christians of the first centuries used to meet for their Divine services, and for the entombment of the martyrs who died for the faith? How grand in their simplicity are those tomb-stones, with Christ's anagram, or the palm which is the sign of martyrdom, or the fish the emblem of Resurrection! And in the very middle of these long and numerous subterranean galleries, one comes across small halls, where fifty or sixty Christian heroes, at the most, could meet and pray in secret and in some degree of safety.

Here is also the ancient Via Appia, trodden by St. Paul when he entered the City of Rome; and here the grand colosseum, which could hold 87,000 people, and had been erected in little more than two years, by three thousand slaves, who were given their freedom after having achieved their huge task. In this immense building one finds everywhere the records of the thousands of Christian martyrs who have sacrificed their lives for their faith; here is the gate by which the wild beasts entered the place where the disciples of Christ awaited death for His sake; here is the spot where Nero used to sit and satiate himself

with barbaric mirth; and farther on, behind the gate, is the prison where the martyrs were left to spend their last day on earth.

Before such a sight, when one finds oneself face to face with those grand records, with head bent in reverence and eyes filled with tears, one feels that there can be no language in which the impressions of such a grand past can be expressed, but the reverent and eloquent language of silence!

Half the glory to you, heroes and martyrs of the times past, who have given your lives for the same dear Master whom we love!—All the World.

Now!

Make the Most of To-day.

One looks behind him to some vanished time, And says—"Ah, I was happy then, alack! I did not know it was my life's best prime! Oh, if I could go back!"

Another looks, with eager eyes aglow, To some fair day of joy that yet shall dawn, And exclaims—"I shall be happy, then, I know; Oh, let me hurry on!"

But I—look around my fair to-day, I clasp it close, and kiss its radiant brow; Here with the perfect present let me stay, For I am happy now!

—New Zealand Cry.

\$131,760,162. Mr. Carnegie has given away \$162,000,000. His gift to date, amounted to \$46,550.

The grand total given since the last ten years, reached the grand sum of \$388,322,554.

This sum is now found equal in charitable, educational and medical institutions of every class. Hospitals, churches and other institutions are making a rapid and cumulative increase of these gifts, so that their value can scarcely be estimated, since they are accumulating and increasing, hanging long after the generation is dead and gone.

We wish we might have had the great pleasure of congratulating the Commander and her companion in courtesy, on the receipt of all the money we might justly consider their share of these gifts. We may have this as a hope to heart, to ward to us in the future.—Social Gazette.

Answers to Prayer.

Withheld by God in Wisdom.

God does not answer us in patience with His hands. We are wise of receiving for the asking now that blessings hang like fruit on a tree, to be snatched by the mere hand. For the most part, our best desires come to us greatly wrought into our lives as changes are, in the "fulness of time" and as we are ready for them. And like all changes for good or ill, we call them, they come with the attendant train. No bit of good to tune or happiness comes into our lives without in some way hurting or crowding out something that has been precious—some custom, some that must give way for the new. No reverse or sorrow comes that does not bring with it some other flower of compensation. When we pray, we are usually hoping for the gift to come in an unnatural way, the good without its cost. When the sons of Zedekiah brought their petition to the Master—and is he not an unworthy one, as they are?—He asked, "Are ye able?" Doubtless, the long delay of many a gift we seek, is our own怠慢 (negligence) for it; we are not willing to live the cost.

The answer to prayer, to most prayers, begins on two sides—God's and our own.—America Y. S.

A Year's Philanthropy.

Beneficences in Nine Figures.

The year 1905 has been made notable by the vast sum contributed and bequeathed for benevolent purposes. The total given was \$147,511,253. Of this sum, \$70,636,387 represents gifts, and \$77,094,466 bequests. To charity was given \$67,448,421; to educational institutions, \$46,152,241; to religious institutions, \$22,443,856; to art museums, galleries and public improvements, \$8,616,410; to libraries, \$5,012,293. John D. Rockefeller heads the list, having given \$12,150,500; his gifts now reach the sum of

OUR PILOT—WHICH?

Close-reared we sit adown the stream of life; The winds and waves they buffet us at will, Yet each day stronger grow in noble strife—

To make the entrance of our Haven still, Each lifeboat bears noon the flood but two—

The human soul, that battles strong, is one; The other is the Pilot, false or true. Self-chosen—either Satan or God's Son.

THE HIDDEN SIN.

A noble tree fell in its prime—fell on a calm evening, when there was scarcely a breath of air stirring. It had withstood a century of storms, and now was broken off by a zephyr. A boy's hatchet had been stuck to it when it was a tender sapling. The wound had been growing over and hidden away under exuberant boughs, but it had never healed. There, at the heart of the tree it stayed, a spot of decay, ever eating a little further and deeper into the trunk, until at last the tree was rotted through, and it fell of its own weight when it seemed to be at its best.

So many lives fail when they seem to be in their strongest, because some sin or fault of youth has left its wounding and its consequent weakness at the heart.—Dr. R. J. Miller.

WHAT THE CLOUDS BRING.

An aged pair, known for their contentment, affection and happy Christian lives, were asked, as they spoke of many joys that had been their portion, "Have you, then, had no clouds in your sky?" "Why, yes! Where else could all the blessed showers come from?"

SO MUCH TO DO!

So much to do; so many calls to duty; So many claims on eye and hand and heart; To roll back clouds of ignorance, give beauty

To barren wastes, act worth our part. So little done out of the night total; Such trivial inroads made with best intent. Such slow attrition by means antidotal. On the world's misery and thosen ten:

So much to do to speed the wheel of progress. To cast down idols of the same place; To let no failure mark Ararat's perfect impress;

Lay broad foundations for a noble race;

So little done; so little time for doing. And while we're busy here and there, 'tis gone!

Low opportunities know no time—

The flood tide past, the ebb tide follows on;

So much to do, so little time. Time singular.

And every milestone bears an unfinished power; et strengthening comes with you that Jesus brings; Healing for broken lives, love in their bower.

Sunday, March 20th.—Fleeting From God. Jonah I. 1-13.

Monday, March 21st.—Prayer Chamber. Jonah I. 13-17; II. 1-10; III. 1-3.

Tuesday, March 22nd.—Self-Love. Jonah III. 4-10; IV. 1-11.

WORK OF THE ARMY IN THE MAHARATTA COUNTRY

Characteristics of the True Missionary.

KIETHTEEN hours' journey brings us into the Maharratta country, and to our Headquarters at Ahmednagar.

Colonel Sukh Singh, who pioneered the work in this district, had no easy time of it. He packed a pony with ruga and cooking utensils, and he and his helpers trudged by its side for a month, begging or buying food en route, cooking by the roadside, sleeping under trees, talk, talk, talk, talking to everybody they met.

Many and varied were the hardships and troubles they, in common with all other missionaries, were called upon to face; but the man who elects foreign Officership must be willing to face a thousand things he does not like. Fatigue, loneliness, sufferings of many sorts will be his, and that which is most repulsive and disgusting must he meet cheerfully, or he fails utterly of his purpose. The martyr-spirit which shows how much he is enduring, and how beautifully he is doing it, is quite out of place in one who is suffering for Jesus' sake.

A Woman-Officer's Trial.

Many of the people mentioned in this little book are not at all nice in their ways—some are positively unclean; but they must be loved by the man who would fain win them to the Saviour. Nothing less will suffice.

Numberless messengers of Christianity experience great disappointment when they find that all their sacrifices are quite unappreciated by the people for whom they have made them. They forget that the native's point of view is wholly different from their own. It is partly for this very reason that the Maharratta is hard to win, as one instance will show.

A woman-Officer stationed in a certain village, toiled for a long time with absolutely no result. The people avoided her, and looked upon her residence amongst them with suspicion.

Cholera broke out. She had proper medicines, nursed everybody she could reach, prayed much over them, and saved many lives. Notwithstanding this, they asked the same old question:—

"Have you a mother?—a father?—a home? Ah, but you could not have loved them much to leave them and come here!"

Sick at heart, after curing the last patient, she went off to visit a neighbouring village, where also cholera had broken out. While she was away, the monsoon came, and it rained and flooded, as it only can do in India's "rainy season."

Qualifications for the Work.

On her return she sought her hut, but found it flooded and empty of all the possessed. She was turning away in silent sadness, when she found many eyes were watching her. Two or three natives came forward. "Come to the dharmashala," they cried; and, leading the way, they showed all her possessions stored in a corner and shielded by a sari (robe.)

"This is because you loved us—you loved us," they said. "Now we understand, and we are ready to hear whatever you like to tell about your Jesus."

The Officer needed for India must be strong in action, but genial in manner. He must have parted for Christ's sake, with that self-assertion and bumptiousness which is so often in evidence in an Englishman as to have become a national characteristic. He must uphold the principle of righteousness, be a man of his word, and of irreproachable honour in small things as well as great. He must also possess true sympathy and boundless patience, and must walk hourly with the Christ of the multitude. To the man who will give himself to the people, who will serve them in true brotherhood of spirit, there comes the sure reward of their love, and through this, a magnificent opportunity of showing Jesus Christ to men.

"What are These Among So Many?"

European influence and education are as necessary to success as the native element. Neither class of Officer can perform the work in hand without the other's aid. Yet, during the first year or two in India, the English Officer is somewhat of a trial to his comrades, being too apt to measure new conditions by old standards, and to insist on applying old rules to a condition of things which he has yet to comprehend. The candidate for work in India must go out recognising this drawback on his own part, and willing to learn anything which will show him how to be useful. Let him make up his mind, before stepping on board ship, that the experience of those who have gone before him has cost them much, and that he, himself, must either borrow of them, or buy at a great price.

How tremendous is the need for those who will submit to be thus taught, can only be fairly gauged within the country itself. Words are wholly inadequate therewith, to appeal for brains and hearts consecrated for this service. When one lays down the number of Muktifauj

Officers (1,510) side by side by side with that of the population (360,000,000), one may well exclaim, "What are these among so many?" Yet the power of one divinely fire-touched life, who can tell?

If all Salvationists received the heavenly vision as did one Maharratta Cadet, one would not need to beg and beg for volunteers for India!

A Maharratta Cadet's Conversion.

He was a heathen convert of middle age. He had intelligently given up his old religion, and earnestly asked to be accepted, that he might publish the Gospel message, for he loved his Bible. But the passion of Calvary had never entered his soul; he did not know Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

His leaders watched over and prayed for him. One evening they gave the Cadets a lantern service on "The Life of Christ." This Maharratta sat as one newly taught a marvel, as each scene came upon the sheet. He had evidently had no real idea of the Saviour, whom he had elected to serve. At last came the scene upon the cross, and his heart broke. Still he sat silently gazing, though the tears rolled down big cheeks to the floor.

A prayer meeting followed, and, sinking to his knees, the Maharratta began to talk to his Lord in a voice fairly quivering with emotion.

"Dear Jesus," he cried, brokenly, "I did not understand until I saw the picture, how much Thou lovest me. To think that Thou didst suffer this for me—for my sins—me, a poor, ignorant idolater! Forgive me for not understanding Thee till now! Blot out my sin! Help me to be a true disciple of Thine from henceforth."

Cosmopolitan Throngs.

A strange awe rested upon the meeting. Every heart felt under a deep weight of love, too wonderful for anything but silence and tears.

That Maharratta was baptised into the spirit of the Cross. He went forth into the Field able to show others the Christ he had himself seen.

Twelve hours' journey brings us to the truly cosmopolitan City of Bombay. We stand upon the balcony of our Headquarters, and look down upon such a panorama as it will be difficult ever to forget. There go half the races of the world! Europeans, Arabs, Persians, Afghans, Malays, Cingaleses, Chinese, Turks, Jews, Hindus, and Mohammedans, while here the Parsee is at home. All shades of colour, all types of nationality, all varieties of religion elbow each other upon the streets of this, one of the finest cities in the world. One graphic writer has thus described it:—

"Bombay hangs like an Oriental car-jewel across the sea-mouth of this bowl of bare hills filled with green water."

Yet it is but a day or two that we can devote to the spectacle afforded by this diversified, many-national throng. Being so near to Poona, we make the opportunity serve for a visit to its Military Home and Corps, which are doing a fine work amongst Service men. We should like to linger awhile in the Officers' Home of Rest, but must get back to Bombay, to start upon our last railway journey in this wonderful continent, which is to take us right across the country from the "Gate of India" to the White City at the mouth of the Hugli, which we left but a few weeks ago.

A View from the Train Window.

At first we speed through a pleasant district, where crops of maize refresh the eye, where bananas and cocoanut palms fringe the village ponds, and the cool shade of the shisham trees invites to rest during the noonday glare.

But this fertility is short-lived: we are soon in the midst of dry, red fields, of parched allotments, near which the water-wheels whine beneath dusty banyans. Gay bougainvillas flame out in garish magnifica from an occasional wall; queer cactus hedges make a strange display of yellow flower-edging upon their awkward green spikes; red dust drifts into the carriages, powdering our dress and gritting between our teeth; we are crossing dreary and barren plains, cut by watercourses from which the insatiable sun has licked up all moisture.

As we steadily rumble over our 1,400-mile track, the scenery again softens; we are once more in well-watered Bengal, where the peasants are busy with their crops. Only a little while, and we run into Calcutta, where we gladly step into one of the waiting gharrys, which will take us to much-needed refreshment and rest until the morning, when we are to look our last upon this ever-fascinating India.

This is chapter from a fascinating little book published by The Army, entitled, "Harvests of the East." It is No. 15 of "The Warrior Library," and can be obtained from The Army's Book Department at Toronto. All interested in missionary Work should obtain a copy of it.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS



The First Incident of the New Parliament—the Speaker Taking the Chair.

The first work of the new British Parliament, when it assembled, was to select a Speaker. Mr. Lowther was again chosen for the post. Mr. Burt acting as sponsor for the Liberals and Mr. Chaplin for the Unionists, by reason of their seniority.

Canada's Coal Supply.

Some very interesting statistics are given by Dr. Dowling, of the Dominion Geological Survey. He states that in 1820, the world consumed about 17,000,000 tons of coal, in 1870 the amount had reached 54,000,000, but last year the world used 1,000,000,000 tons. In 1902 (the latest report) the United States is estimated as producing 360 million tons, Great Britain 260 million tons, Germany 160 million tons, and Canada 7 million tons. In 1907 Canada produced nearly 11 million tons. Coal is a thing which is limited in quantity, and which cannot be reproduced when once destroyed, considerable interest attaches to the total available supply; and very careful calculations have been made in different countries as to the amount of coal which may be mined. Great Britain's bituminous coal areas are supposed to represent a total of 60,000,000,000 tons, and Germany's supply is put at 52,000,000,000 tons. Canadian coal areas have not yet been fully explored, but we have now an estimated coal supply of 89,609,000,000 tons of bituminous coal, and some 82,021,000,000 tons of lignite. In addition to 42,000,000 tons of anthracite. About half the bituminous supply is in Alberta, and about 45 per cent. of the remainder is in British Columbia. The anthracite occurs principally in Alberta, British Columbia, and the Yukon, but lignite is found in all the Prairie Provinces, British Columbia, and Ontario, as well as in the Yukon and Mackenzie. In Nova Scotia, the coal-seams measure only about forty feet in thickness, but in the Rocky Mountains some of the seams are 250 feet thick.

If the other supplies ran out, Canada could thus keep the world's fires going for 170 years.

Ontario's Mineral Output.

According to the official report of Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines, the value of the total mineral production of

the Province of Ontario during 1909, was \$32,652,072. This is an increase of nearly seven million dollars over the previous year, when the figures were \$25,631,617.

Of the total, \$22,765,462 was the value of metallic production, and \$9,886,609 that of non-metallic production. The former includes 2,042 ounces of gold, 25,737,037 ounces of silver, 1,536 tons of cobalt, 13,307 tons of nickel, 7,933 tons of copper, 263,777 tons of iron ore, 407,013 tons of pig iron, and \$95 tons of zinc ore. The value of the silver output was \$2,382,689, the largest in the history of the Province.

The Stream of Immigration.

The influx of settlers, into the Canadian West this year, promises to greatly surpass all previous records. Reports received by the Immigration Department indicate that the arrivals from the American States, particularly from the Northwest, will exceed the one hundred thousand mark. During the first month of the year, there has been an increase of over one hundred per cent. in the number of homesteads taken up. The total number of entries for January, was 2,998, as compared with 1,398 in January of last year, an increase of 1,390. Americans led, with 912 homestead entries, and there were, in addition, 42 returning Canadians from the United States. Entries by Canadians totalled 661; English immigrants took 331 homesteads; Scotch, 97; and Irish, 29. The remaining 413 homesteads taken up during the month, were by people from other European countries.

Big Snow Slides in Western States.

As a result of the snow sliding down the mountains, several villages in the Coeur d'Alene district, of Idaho, have been completely buried, and scores of lives lost.

The newspaper report says:—

"Last night a snow-slide swept

down the mountain, striking the little town of Mace, and burying twenty-five houses and their sleeping occupants in a mass of snow and ice at the bottom of the canyon. Today another slide rushed down on Burke, crushing a score of houses under thousands of tons of earth and snow.

"Fourteen bodies have been recovered from the ruins of Mace, while sixteen dead have been found at Burke. How many are still buried can only be guessed at."

Another snow-slide occurred in Washington State, carrying away two trains. A report says:—

"The avalanche rolled down the mountain at 4:20 a.m. The two trains, with three locomotives, four powerful electric motors, the depot and water tank, were swept off the ledge and deposited in a twisted mass of wreckage at the foot of the mountain. The noise from the snow-slide, which was a mile long, could be heard throughout the valley, and Superintendent O'Neill, who was directing the work of the night shift, marshalled his men and hurried to the rescue."

A Pace Aga'nt Time.

An English mine owner recently made a remarkably rapid journey, travelling over 7,200 miles in nineteen days. He was in Lima, Peru, when he received an urgent cable from London, requesting his presence at a meeting of directors of a company in which he was largely interested. The meeting was to take place in nineteen days from the receipt of the cable, and when it is remembered that Lima is 7,020 miles from London, and the quickest journey takes, on an average, thirty-two days, anyone might well be excused for giving up such a task as impossible.

He was fortunate enough to find

THE SPEAKER—THE MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK.



The Right Hon. James William Lowther, M.P., in the British House of Commons.

a boat, which he engaged to convey him to Panama. From Panama he took train to Colon, on the other side of the Isthmus, where he caught the steamer "August Wilhelm," bound for New York.

Fast as she is, the "August Wilhelm" was not speedy enough, and it was evident that before she arrived, the "Mauretania" would have left. The ship's wireless apparatus was brought into operation, and a message was sent to New York ordering a berth to be reserved for him on the "Mauretania," and a fast tug to be sent to convey him from the "August Wilhelm" to the Cunarder, without the necessity of landing.

The quarantine officers were on the tug, formalities were hurried through, and, after days of anxiety, he was finally put on board the "Mauretania."

New Land Discovered.

The South Polar expedition, under Dr. Charcot, which left Havre, in the Pourquoi Pas, in 1908, has arrived at Punta Arenas, Magellan Islands.

During the first summer, the expedition, in spite of difficulties, which seriously threatened to imperil its success, was able to complete the French map as far as Adelaide Island, a curious island, seventy miles in breadth, to the south of a vast gulf. A stretch of new land, 120 miles long, was surveyed, and the expedition ultimately reached Alexander Island. The region explored was barren and covered with icebergs, glaciers, and masses of rock, and no shelter was found.

During the present Antarctic summer, the expedition did some exploration work in Deception Island and Budgeman's Island, in the South Shetlands, and, afterwards, again went South, discovering new land to the West and South of Alexander Island.

PERSONALITIES.

Brigadier Rawling and Major Miller are visiting Kingston on March 12th and 13th.

Major Cameron, of the Training College Staff, has been compelled to keep, to her bed, for several days, owing to sickness.

Mrs. Blanche Johnston, our Praying League Secretary, was one of the speakers at a great meeting held in the Barrie Army Hall, in the interests of the Temperance cause.

Dr. Elmwood Harris, who, we regret to know, has just been bereaved of his wife, is a great admirer of The Army. Speaking at a meeting recently, the Doctor said he always had a "soft spot" in his heart for The S. A., and that his affection for the Organisation was getting deeper.

Major Moore, of Montreal, is at present on financial work in St. John, N. B. Before returning to Montreal, the Major will also visit Halifax.

More than usual activity is being displayed by the Finance Department Staff just now. The presence of the auditors is responsible for much bustling and hustling.

We are glad to know that Mrs. Brigadier Morelton has been able to leave her bed, after an illness of four days. Captain Townsend has also recovered sufficiently to enable him to get around again.

Ensign and Mrs. Ritchie are farewelling from St. Catharines and are going on furlough, owing to the broken-down health of Mrs. Ritchie. The Ensign will also take a needed rest.

Mrs. Ensign Owen, of New Aberdeen, has successfully passed through a surgical operation.

The marriage of Captain Hector Wright and Captain Elsie McCaffrey will take place at Orillia, on March 16th. Lieutenant Sharp will conduct the ceremony. After a short furlough, our comrades will take a Field appointment.

Ensign Coy has been appointed to the Subscribers' Department permanent.

Mrs. Captain Osborn, of Lissagar Street, has been very sick with double tonsillitis, but, happily, is now recovering.

Mrs. Captain Winchester has also been very sick, and at the time of going to press, is in the Glace Bay Hospital.

The fact that a fire did considerable damage to our Hall at Comfort Cove, Nfld., did not prevent Lieutenant Barrett, the energetic young Officer in charge, from holding a meeting the place at night, when four souls sought salvation.

Band-Sergeant and Mrs. Woodard, of Brantford, have just celebrated their silver wedding. The Bandmen and their wives had a social at Brother Woodard's house on the night of the anniversary.

Four souls have recently sought salvation at Cottie's Island.

"Pray Without Ceasing."

BY THE GENERAL.



Y subject is based upon the command of the Apostle Paul, when he says in the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, the fifth chapter and the 17th verse, "Pray without ceasing."

We are thought to be a praying people, and I trust we are. Real Salvationists to pray.

We pray in our Halls. Many of our songs are prayers, as are also the majority of our most effective choruses. Who is there amongst us that has not felt again and again, that a cry has gone up to Heaven, and reached the heart of God, when we have sunk, "Pour Thy Spirit," or "Draw me nearer," or "Bless me now?" Those are, indeed, mighty prayers.

How Victories Are Wrought.

We pray in the public-houses, in the open parks, in the haunts of sin, and by the bedside of the sick and dying. I do not think there is any more pleasing sight to God and the angels—I am sure there is not in the eyes of The General—than to see a group of Salvationists in the streets, or in some dark slum, kneeling in the road, crying to Heaven for the salvation of the hardened crowd lying around.

I think, further, that, when we pray, we offer real prayer. We despise mere form, and unless the utterings come from the heart there and then, we do not count them prayer at all. We pity people who sit down and read intellectual essays or utter a number of cold sentences from memory about God and religion, and then call such efforts prayer.

We believe that the offering of effective prayer, the prayer that reaches the throne and heart of God, has played an important part in bringing about the victories of The Army in days gone by. Our prayers have been answered in the conversion of some of the biggest sinners, the most hardened backsliders, and the proudest and haughtiest souls that have ever bent their knees at the heavenly altar.

And yet we believe that many of our prayers, and perhaps the most darling and God-pleasing that have ever been offered, have yet to be answered.

Where We Come Short.

But, after all, I am afraid that our prayer is wanting. To begin with, I feel we do not pray sufficiently. The quality of, at least a great deal of our praying is excellent, beautiful in the extreme, the joy of my soul; but there is not enough of it. We ought to pray more frequently, and more continuously. Indeed, the Apostle is not wrong when he tells us to "pray without ceasing."

"But the question may be asked, "How far is it possible to comply with this command?"

Well, I do not think Paul intended it to be literally obeyed. It would be impossible to be ever either in the mental or physical attitude of prayer, on our knees or on our faces. The Salvationist cannot be unceasingly occupied in holding his petitions before the Throne.

His daily labour makes this impossible. As the Apostle says, he

must provide things honest in the sight of all men, and supply the needs of his family. If he does not do this, he will be counted an infidel, and one who fails in his duty to dying world.

But if Paul does not mean this, what did he mean? Well, I think he meant, in the first place, that it is our duty to be always in that spirit of communion with God which makes prayer possible at any moment.

He must have also meant that when the time comes round for the discharge of the duty of prayer in public, we should see to it that real prayer is offered.

The Apostle may, further, have had the duty of ejaculatory prayer in mind. This sending frequent and frequent petitions to Heaven, as so many arrows shot from the bow of a burdened heart, has ever been the practice of devoted saints.

This custom answers many useful purposes, such as the prevention of murmuring and depression in the midst of discouragement and trials, and the drawing of inspiration from the skies for devotion and sacrifice. "Lord, help me!" and "Saviour, strengthen my Comrades!" "Holy Spirit, send us a blessing!" and similar cries have often proved very useful.

Again, to pray without ceasing must involve perseverance in our regular private devotions. Temptation to dispense with the times and seasons set for ordinary prayer often crosses the path of busy Salvationists. The plausible suggestion comes to the heart of the man who bears the call of some important duties ringing in his ears, that private prayer can be postponed or dispensed with.

At such times the old saying may be useful. "Prayer or provender hinder no man." As to the provender, I make no observations; but the prayer must ever be useful.

"Instant in Season."

This command must also mean that we should pray on every reasonable occasion, with every one with whom we have the opportunity. Do not be distressed by the fear that prayer with strangers will be thought to be impudent. I have prayed with many people to whom it might have been thought disagreeable, but I do not remember a single occasion when it was objected to.

During my Campaign in Japan, I was visiting a nobleman who is supposed to be one of the most prominent literary personages in the Empire, if not the very first of that order. A number of literary friends were gathered around him in anticipation of my visit. Before leaving, on the spur of the moment, I proposed prayer, and before there was time for objection, I was on my knees, as is my custom. I learned afterwards that he had no leanings whatever to Christianity, but, on the contrary, was a pretty strong Agnostic; but I heard also that that prayer moved all hearts present, and left a very gracious and useful influence behind it.

Be sure you commence all your special work with prayer. A few moments before the open-air or the

public meeting or any extraordinary effort cannot but be useful.

Passion and Perseverance.

Do not be hindered by the command that prayer is unnecessary where there is a believing heart.

Strive after more faith in your prayer all the time. Desire is good. Oh, for more earnest, beseeching, agonising crying after God! Perseverance is good. Jesus taught us the supreme value of importunity in that inimitable incident of the poor widow and the unjust judge. But with all these things we want more of that bold, determined faith that believes and receives the thing for which it asks.

Paul certainly knew the power of habit, and that the more we pray the more we want to pray, the more we can pray, and the more we shall pray. I join with the Apostle in entreating you to "Pray without ceasing."

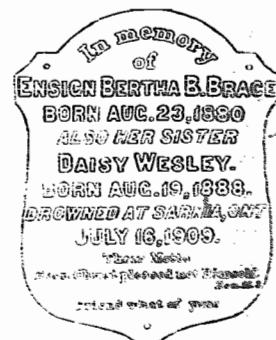
And do not forget!

Brigadier Adby at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Memorial Tablet Unveiled.

(From the Charlottetown Guardian.)

"Brigadier Adby, the singing evangelist of The Salvation Army, gave a most interesting and helpful lecture, and sang very effectively several beautiful songs, to a large audience of people in The S. A. Citadel, on February 15th. The Brigadier has been an Officer for twenty-six years, and has travelled extensively, seeing many won to Christ.



Tablet Unveiled in the Charlottetown Army Hall, by Brigadier Adby.

W. S. Lenson presided in a most able manner, and told how he had been helped through the singing of a hymn. At the close of the lecture, the Brigadier performed the unveiling ceremony of a tablet, in memory of Ensign Bertha, and her sister, Daisy Brace, who were drowned in Sarnia, Ont., in July of 1909. The ceremony was very impressive, and much good will result."

Our own War Cry correspondent says: The day following the Brigadier's arrival, ice choked the street, and he could not return to the hall.

The young folks in particular, benefitted by this unforeseen delay, for the Brigadier conducted a split-did meeting with them.

On Sunday night, nine soldiers were enrolled and two bedridden were restored.

Special Y. P. meetings are being conducted every afternoon.

THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED FOR Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 19 Albert Street, Toronto.

All correspondence to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THIS WAR CRY, communications for the printer, or any other business, should be addressed to THE EDITORIAL OFFICE, A. Temple, Toronto. All matters referring to subscriptions, despatch of change of address, or any other business, to THE SECRETARY, P. P. Coombs, 19 Albert Street, Toronto. Postage and Expenses Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

SOLDIERSHIP.

The stage that the Revival Crusade has now reached, is that of Soldier-making—that is, the enrolling under the Blood and Fire Flag of The Salvation Army, those who have recently given God their hearts, and have become disciples of Jesus Christ. On our front page is indicated some of the advantages that may be derived from being a uniformed Soldier of The Salvation Army.

To be a Soldier means, of course, to be a militant, aggressive follower of Christ, one who is ever intent on driving back the foes of man and God, intent on making the world better and on glorifying our Lord. That is, no doubt, the apostolic idea of a follower of Christ, one who is clad in the whole armour of God.

Now, there is no doubt whatever, that union is strength, and for one to be enrolled as a member of a Corps of red-hot Salvationists, must be a source of strength to him or her; while the examples of good done by the wearing of the uniform, are too numerous to be mentioned. They are, however, obvious, and we trust that our comrades will not hesitate to become Soldiers in an Army, that more than any other religious organisation in the world, affords opportunities for winning souls for Christ. The open-air, from the time that Christ preached to the multitudes on the seashore and the mountain-side, has ever been the battle-ground of the aggressive Christian. What other organisation affords the man for whom the Lord has done great things, such opportunities to testify to that fact, as does The Salvation Army; or what other organisation affords its members such opportunities for the cultivation of musical talents, and the use of the same, as does The Army in its Bands? We often say there's a place in The Army for all—meaning that there's opportunity for the exercise of every useful talent in The Army. That being the case, become a Soldier!

Queen Sophia and The Army.

One of the latest royal contributors to The Salvation Army is Her Majesty the Dowager Queen of Sweden, who has graciously forwarded to our Stockholm Headquarters, a donation in aid of our Work among the suffering poor.

Queen Sophia has for many years manifested a sympathetic interest in The Army's aims and efforts, and as many War Cry readers may remember, on the occasion of one of The General's recent visits to Stockholm, she graciously received our Leader in audience.

North Bay.—Last week one soul was brought to God as a result of a visit from a comrade. Two souls surrendered in the prayer meeting on Sunday night.

The Prison Work is prospering.



Has He Bit You?—the Mad Dog of Procrastination! If So, Don't Rush to the Pasteur Institute, but Rush to the Envoy himself.

THE GREAT SYMBOLIC MEETING IN THE MASSEY HALL.

A FORECAST.

THAT stupendous event—the redemption of mankind—will be celebrated by a service held in the Massey Hall, on Good Friday morning. This service promises to be of a most interesting and impressive character. It is described as a Great Symbolic Service, and the object is to adore the Christ who broke the iron gates of death, and tore asunder the barriers of the grave; to learn lessons from the life of Him, who, on Calvary's Height became the Victor of the World, and make a covenant of loyalty to our Lord and to the principles of the cross.

Previous to the service, The Salvation troops of the city, will parade in review order before the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs. The troops will assemble at the Temple, at 9.15 a.m. There will be, approximately, a thousand Soldiers, ten Bands, and numerous banners. "Terrible as an Army of banners." The procession will leave the vicinity of the Temple in three sections, but will unite, and march in one long column, along the down-town route, arriving at the Massey Hall, about a quarter to eleven.

The procession will be under the direction of Colonel Gaskin, who will be the Chief Marshall. Officers, Soldiers, and Bandsmen, in order to ensure the success of the parade, should follow out minutely, the instructions that may be issued to them.

The first part of the Massey Hall service will be in the nature of praise and adoration to our risen and exalted Saviour, and, by means of prayer, music, and song, symbolism and lantern pictures, it is hoped that Toronto Salvationists will have an opportunity of magnifying their Redeemer in a manner that has seldom been their privilege. This opportunity will be open to the general public, for there is a hearty invitation to all.

The meeting has been designed to be a mighty stimulus to spiritual life and effort, and after we have adored and extolled the Victor of

Calvary, then will be considered the causes that gave Him the victory over Death and Hell, when the Commissioner, by means of speech and pictures, will describe the most striking scenes in the life of our Lord, and the great lessons that underlie them.

—**—

One of the most interesting events of the service, will be the making of the covenant with our Lord, in which those present will pledge themselves to greater fidelity and devotion to the cause of Christ and the salvation of the world. This will afford an opportunity for the renewing of their consecration vows under very inspiring circumstances, on the part of Christ's followers of all denominations. And all such are heartily invited to be present.

—**—

From the standpoint of human interest, there will be a great deal to appeal to all sorts and conditions of men: the grand, rolling music of 250 skilled Bandsmen; the singing of the vast audience; the striking lantern pictures—many of which will be new, and of great beauty—together with the colour and tableaux, which will be introduced into the service will make it of great splendour and impressiveness.

The service will commence at 11 a.m., but those who desire to be present should get there early.

—**—

On Good Friday evening there will be a great holiness meeting held in the Temple, at which all the city Corps will unite. This meeting will be conducted by the Commissioner, who will be assisted by the Chief Secretary and the Headquarters Staff.

BREWER BROWN AT STRATFORD.

A Good Week-End.

Stratford Corps has been favoured with a visit from Envoy "Brewer" Brown, of Toronto. He arrived on Saturday afternoon and was met at the depot by the Bandsmen, who gave him a good welcome.

He marched through the streets in his rags and tatters, and crowds followed to the Market Square, where a short open-air service was conducted

by the Envoy himself. At night another great meeting in spite of the rain, a crowd came to the Hall to hear the story, which was full of interest to one and all.

On Sunday there were good meetings at all the meetings, and the trades gave themselves over to God in the holiness meeting, while Brown worked hard and won the hearts and sympathy of the people at Stratford.

Everybody got blessed, and is looking forward to a return during the summer.

Staff-Captain Crichton came on a flying trip, and did a great deal of work at the Soldiers' meeting while in the city. Stratford Soldiers are always glad to see the D. O.—B. P., C. O.

The Commission at Home.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY VISIT TORONTO.

Important Conferences with the Foreign Secretary—The Field Secretary is invited to the Bank of England.

The Commissioner has returned to the Hub of The Salvation Army in Canada, and, since his return, he has been deeply immersed in foreign matters concerning The Army. We understand the Commissioner has been very successful in his business that necessitated his journey to London.

Commissioner Howard, the Foreign Secretary, as intimated in a previous issue, travelled by the same ship as our Leader to New York. The Foreign Secretary will visit Toronto on the 17th of March, and, as the time will be for the purposes of inspection, he will not conduct any meetings in Canada.

The Chief Secretary journeyed to New York to meet the Commissioner, who, we understand, is engaged with the arrangements made for the Week's Simultaneous Service Campaign in Toronto, and with the enthusiasm with which the idea is being taken up.

Since his return the Commissioner has performed the important duty of informing the Field Secretary that The General has promoted the Commissioner to the rank of full Colonel.

We congratulate our General

HOLLAND

nificant Audiences

LISTEN TO

e General
Amsterdam's People's
Palace.

ING EDITOR'S APPRECIATIVE TRIBUTE.

Successful Week Diaried by Colonel
Sixty Seekers on Sunday.

from the British War Cry.

the Dutch capital Colonel
sends the following graphic
cable of The General's
meetings:-Amsterdam, Monday, Feb. 21.
day, (Sunday) will live
the recollection of our Am-
a forces.General led three great meet-
in the People's Palace, an
us building, compared by him
id with a roof on it.hundreds were refused admis-
sion.General's strength and vigour
extraordinary, and he was
ously sustained by God.eight hours he held the plat-
n person.aftnoon lecture was unpar-
in the history of our Dut-
ion War, for the representative
ter of the audience.Bolsevain, Esq., Editor
of "Handelsblad," the city's
paper, moved a vote of
to The General in an eloquent
a, paying a striking tribute to
Army's power in Holland and in
where he inspected our Work
ear.was personally deeply influ-
by Mrs. General Booth in Lon-
tory years ago.Bolsevain declared that "the
one know what a power
religion is, and your unsoldish
your character, and your cour-
have ever been an inspiration."ere was a tremendous fight at
, and The General remained
e bridge until 10.30.e-mercy seat results for the
ere sixty seekers.General is well and is doing
ily.-T. H. K.

roningen.

all wonder that The General is
this morning. What other man
years would dream of spending
day as he did?In spite of his fatigue he is
to "face the music" once more,
the time comes for him to go to
go train.class that The General is trav-
g on the train has preceded us;
people of every class walk the
th of the platform at various
at which we stop, hoping for
of "the good grey head that
me love." At one station at
we have to change, the station
er conducts The General, who
on his arm, from one train to
other—evidently feeling the ocean
to be what he describes the
profound moment of his life.

another station, where our train

halts for a time, a handful of Soldiers and a tiny Brass Band of three, greet The General with "This is why I love my Jesus." A meeting—even a short speech, is out of the question. There is no time. But the smile with which their General beamed upon them, and the wave of his hand will live in the minds of those Meppel Soldiers and Bandsmen until they cross the River—and in mine too!

Our train pulls up at Groningen—The General's destination. How we get through that crowd of people, not lined up, but massed on the long platform down which The General had to walk, without an accident or a crush of some sort, I cannot quite make out.

Fully two thousand people were inside the station, every one of whom had paid five cents to be allowed to pass the barrier—a Continental custom.

When we reached the top of the steps outside, the sea of struggling humanity was before our Leader. How many faces were there? Well,

to put the number at somewhere from 10,000 to 15,000, cannot be an exaggeration.

The evening meeting—it was a lecture—was held in a large room belonging to a club. The place was thronged with the elite of the town and district. One old gentleman present, had walked for thirteen hours from his distant home to hear and see The General. He felt more than rewarded for his long, dreary, and solitary tramp. He set off again in the best of spirits on his return march. A sample of Dutch endurance, truly.

From The Salvation Army standpoint, Groningen is of interest by reason of its having three Corps and a Slim Post, as well as being the centre from which Commissioner Ridder's next experiment is to be launched, in the form of a "Gospel Ship," for carrying the tidings of salvation to the floating population of the canal-boats and barges which ply on the waterways in the Province which bears the same name as the capital.

stirring address on "Fire."

The Band and Songsters were to front in the afternoon, and rendered several pleasing selections in first-class style. Captain Murdoch read the lesson; Major Miller led the testimonies; Lieutenant Naucarrow spoke, and Major Turpin led the prayer meeting. Eleven Young People came to the mercy-seat.

At night there was a splendid turn-out of Soldiers. Major Turpin gave a good address, and two more Young People came forward.

On Monday night another good time was experienced. Lieutenant Naucarrow gave the address.

At West Toronto, Brigadier and Mrs. Morris led on, and five souls came forward.

On Saturday night, Ensign Stitt gave an address. Captain Sparks spoke on Sunday morning. Mrs. Brigadier Morris spoke in the afternoon, and Brigadier Morris at night. On Monday, Captain Kelly gave the address. Each meeting during the Campaign is preceded by a short song service, and singing is a special feature of each meeting.

At Earls Court, Brigadier Rawling was the leader. He was assisted by Captains Patten, Rayner and Best, who all took an active part. Three Juniors and one adult came to the mercy-seat.

At Yorkville, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin led on. Good crowds attended the meetings, and six souls knelt at the mercy-seat. A special Soldiers' meeting was held on Saturday, as a preparation for the Campaign.

The holiness meeting was a grand time: the Colonel's address being very inspiring and helpful to all. On Sunday afternoon a bright and lively testimony meeting was held. Staff-Captain Stobbs read the Scripture; Ensign Lightbourne spoke, and Staff-Captain Morris soloed. The Colonel also gave another powerful address. At night Mrs. Gaskin opened the meeting with prayer. The Colonel spoke on "The Finger of God," and during the prayer meeting, six souls came forward.

At Dovercourt, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Southall were the leaders. On Saturday night a good crowd was present, and the Colonel gave a splendid address. In the holiness meeting he spoke on "Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?" and one soul came forward for consecration. Mrs. Captain Mardall read the lesson in the afternoon. At night Captain Palmer spoke. The Colonel's subject was "Sirs, we would see Jesus." Captain Mardall was the soloist.

Monday was Young People's evening, and representatives from five Junior Corps in the city took part in an interesting programme. Good talent was displayed, and each item was much appreciated. There were solos, duets, recitations, and instrumental selections. Captain Palmer concluded by an address on "Youth."

At Toronto L. Brigadier Bond, assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Sims, Ensign Maizey and Officers from the Esther Street Rescue Home led on the local forces. Captain Townsend was ill with appendicitis, but Mrs. Townsend and the Soldiers rallied up in splendid fashion at the initial meeting on Saturday, and over eighty Soldiers and recruits were present. The Editor explained the object of the special Campaign: outlined the plan of attack, and laid it down that every Soldier should

(Continued on page 11)

TORONTO'S SOUL-SAVING CAMPAIGN

The Whole of T. H. Q. Staff Engage in a Week of Special Effort—
Reports of First Week-End—91 at the Mercy Seat.

 HE Revival Crusade is now in full swing all over Canada, and most encouraging reports are to hand of the good soul-saving times that are being experienced.

In Toronto, a week's special campaign has been arranged, in which the whole of T. H. Q. Staff will take part. The reports of the first weekend engagements are to hand, and on the whole are most gratifying.

At the Temple the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Mapp led on, and 35 souls were registered on Sunday. A great Soldiers' rally was held on Saturday night, at which the Colonel explained his plans for the week's campaign, and aroused the expectations of all for a good time. There was a good crowd, and an excellent spirit prevailed. The meeting concluded with a general consecration. On Sunday, a good crowd gathered at the holiness meeting. The Colonel gave a powerful address, and at the close eleven souls knelt at the mercy-seat.

Adjutant Kendall spoke in the afternoon, and two more souls came forward.

At night Capt. and Mrs. Hanagan sang a duet, and Mrs. Hanagan gave a short address. Major Findlay also spoke. After a well-fought prayer meeting, twenty-two souls knelt at the mercy-seat.

The Band and Songsters rendered excellent service throughout the day and in fact, every section of the Corps united to make the meetings the success they were. The Colonel was very pleased with the way the Soldiers co-operated with him in the carrying out of his plans. It is evident that Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall had worked hard in preparing for the Campaign and getting everyone in the right spirit for it.

On Monday another great time was experienced. After a rousing open-air, a bright and interesting service was held in the Hall, at which Band-Sergeant Nicol sang, and the Band and Songsters rendered

vocal and instrumental music. Mrs. Colonel Mapp read the Scriptures, and Mrs. Adjutant Kendall and Brigadier Morechen each spoke. Ten souls came forward.

It has been arranged that each night during the Campaign, a special prayer meeting shall be held in the Hall for fifteen minutes preceding the public meeting.

At Lippincott Street, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Turner were the leaders. The Colonel gave a number of splendid addresses, during the weekend, and three souls came to the mercy-seat. He was ably assisted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Fraser and Staff-Captain and Mrs. White. Staff-Captain White gave an address on Sunday afternoon, and Mrs. Fraser spoke on Sunday night.

At East Toronto, Major and Mrs. Phillips had a nice time, with good crowds and one soul. They were assisted by Captain Watkinson.

At Rhodes Avenue, Brigadier and Mrs. Potter were in charge. A bright meeting was held on Saturday night. On Sunday morning the Brigadier gave a forcible address. Major Attwell ably handled his subject, "A Man Missing," on Sunday afternoon. At night the Brigadier spoke on "Remember." On Monday night Mrs. Major Attwell gave an address on "A Great Redemption."

The total penitent form results so far, are three Juniors and two adults.

At Parliament St., Captain Lewis led on, in the absence of Major Cameron, who was too ill to be present. Two souls came forward on Saturday night.

At Wychwood, Major and Mrs. Miller had an excellent weekend. This is a young Corps, and the thirteen converts were all Young People. On Saturday night the Band was out in full strength, ready to render all the service possible. Major and Mrs. Miller, Major Turpin, and Captain Murdoch all took part in the meeting, by giving addresses. On Sunday morning Mrs. Miller gave a

Glorious Month.

Howes and Lieutenant been welcomed to Welland, revival fire that Captain burning, still continues to a past month has been one glorious victory. Sixteen souls right salvation, and thirteen the blessing of a clean

day night our meeting was carried on under difficult circumstances interrupted by the cry, "which was supposed to be in a comrade's house, as of lightning. Captain and Lieutenant Bull made a dash of half a mile, to the city to find that the lightning had struck a pile of brush close to the house, but that the house itself was intact. With that, the Officers another dash for the Hall, and the meeting, and one soul saved.

AIN MARTIN AT BRANT. FORD.

count of our Officers, Adjutant Mrs. Baird being away at the funeral of Mrs. Baird's mother, promoted to Glory on Tuesday 1st, Captain Martin, one of the Financial Specials, was with us for the week-end, and a soul-saver was spent. The meetings all attended.

Brother Bullock related experiences when in jail for and only time as a breaker law. He has been in many since, but for his Heavenly sake.

Captain gave a fine address, at the close of the meeting three souls at the mercy-seat. Hail!—F. D.

AT LONG POND.

Pond.—A number of souls recently been saved and sanctified. Captain Stickland has now charge of this Corps. Sunday, February 27th, Lieutenant was with us. His help us all. Cadet Payne, in charge of the Corps during Captain Stickland's absence, promoted by the Colonel. The Cadet will assist the Captain in all to be opened in April. Enrollment is filled for an slate.—J. D.

INGS NEW IN ALASKA.

The Revival Has Spread. Although Killanoo has had no "visitors" visit the Corps, yet the have the revival spirit, and Revival itself is here. About forty have sought salvation in the two months. Hall has been fitted out with tents. A new 350 candle-power is on the way to our meeting which is now accompanied by quarters for Captain Kerr.

Cove, T. B.—On Thursday we had a visit from Adjutant our D. O., who was accompanied by Ensign Grandy. The meeting a success from start to The Adjutant gave us a very talk, which was much enjoyed, close of the meeting two souls at the feet of Jesus and forgiveness.—E. Porter,

IN ROCKHEAD PRISON.

Some Converts—the Matron's Testimony.

Halifax II.—A number of comrades from the Corps have been visiting the Prison at Rockhead, and the County Jail, and God has honoured their labours, for to-day, while at the Rockhead Prison, six men and two women held up their hands for prayer. We prayed with them, and they believed that God had answered their prayers.

One dear old fellow, over seventy years of age, gave testimony to the power of God to save from sin. He enjoys the service, and is anxious to hear more about God.

A coloured-woman has been converted, and the matron, Mrs. Murray, says that there has been a great change in her; also in the very work that she does around the prison.

The writer would sooner spend one hour with the men and women behind prison bars than anywhere else because he feels and knows that God has led him there.

Sisters L. Vienot, Mrs. Shires, Effie Parks, Secretary Brown, also four friends and a little girl, were present at the last meeting. The writer heard that had we not come, none of the prisoners would have been allowed out. We were repaid for our trouble, by seeing those eight

THREE NEW CHIEFS.

Three Enrolled and Five Seekers.

Ottawa I.—Our Corps was favoured by a week-end visit from Staff-Captain Bloss. The free-and-easy meeting was especially marked by the enrollment of three converts as Salvation Soldiers.

Then the Staff-Captain said he had a most pleasing duty to perform, namely, the introduction of the new Junior Sergt.-Major, Brother Davey, who said, in his remarks, that three notable events had transpired in the Capital during the week, inasmuch as three new "heads" had been appointed; the new Chief of Police, the new Fire Chief, and last, but not least, the new Junior Sergt.-Major.

In the salvation meeting at night, which was a powerful time, the power of God came down in a marvellous manner, and five souls were registered at the mercy seat.—J. D.

NEWS FROM WINDSOR, N. S.

Windsor, N. S.—Captain Mercer and Cadet Adams are still leading on here, and doing their very best for the upbuilding of God's Kingdom.

We are very sorry to lose one of our Soldiers in the person of Candidate Riley, who has gone to assist at

Should YOU Fill in this Application?

Realising the urgent need for earnest, consecrated young men and women to help win the world for Christ, I herewith offer myself for Officership in The Salvation Army.

Name

Address

Fill this in and hand same to your Officer, who will forward it to the P. C. or D. O. DO IT NOW.

souls with their hands up.—Bruce Kinsman.

Truro, N. S. We wish her every success.

Many souls have recently found pardon, and still are doing well.—One Interested.

Palmerston.—New Officers, Captain Galling and Lieutenant Olsen, have just taken charge of this Corps. The Soldiers are doing their best for God and The Army in this town, where much prayer, faith and works is needed to convict the sin-bound souls.

"The Marble Man."

A patient at an English hospital is puzzling the doctors, and for want of a better name to give his complaint, they have dubbed him "The Marble Man." The skin of his hands, feet, chest, and face has all the appearance of white marble, and the cause is as great a mystery as is the cure.

Field, who is a needle-pointer, had a severe attack of pneumonia four years ago, which incapacitated him for six months. Shortly after that, his skin became marble white, the natural lines disappeared, it felt stone cold, and looked like the skin of a dead man.

The skin has become so tight around Field's joints, that is is unable to bend them, and he can only open his mouth with difficulty.

Point Limington, S. W. Arm.—On Sunday, February 20th, nine souls sought salvation. One Brother was so happy that he could not refrain from testifying twice, and another comrade danced so much that the platform showed signs of collapse.—Lieut. J. C.

Point Limington, S. W. Arm.—On Sunday, February 20th, nine souls sought salvation. One Brother was so happy that he could not refrain from testifying twice, and another comrade danced so much that the platform showed signs of collapse.—Lieut. J. C.

Harry's Harbour.—Five souls have knelt at the mercy seat. On Thursday last we had Ensign Sexton, from Jackson's Cove, with us. We also had a visit from Adjutant Oxford. He gave us a lantern service, which was very touching.—Cadet M. Coates.

Alexander Bay, Nfld.—Although this is the youngest Corps in the Island, God has already saved many souls in it. We also hold meetings at Traytown, where many big sinners have sought salvation.

Ensign Noseworthy intends having an enrollment soon.

Toronto Soul-Saving Campaign.

(Continued from page 9.)

strive to bring one or more strangers to the meeting, and to lead one soul to Christ—that it was a Soldiers' battle for souls. Each of the reinforcements spoke of their appreciation of the privilege to assist the Toronto I. Soldiers in this Campaign.

On Sunday fine crowds were present all day, and very powerful meetings were held, all the Specials doing their part in a highly creditable manner. The results were two for sanctification in the morning and two at night for salvation.

Special topics had been advertised for the week night meetings. On Monday night the Editor spoke on the "Romance of Soul-Saving," the incidents being illustrated by the War Cry Artist. Adjutant Sims read the Scriptures, and pulled in the net. A splendid congregation was present, and three souls came to Christ.

On Tuesday, Adjutant Sims spoke on "Queer Lodgers," and Captain Bradley read the lesson. There was again a very fine audience, a splendid feeling, and nine at the mercy-seat. The tide of revival is plainly rising at Toronto I.

At Lisgar Street, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Howell held the fort. On Saturday night a goodly crowd welcomed the Specials. The Band was out in full force. Plans for the week's Campaign were set forth, and received with great enthusiasm.

The meetings of Sunday were a means of blessing to Soldiers and sinners alike. Adjutant Debow's solo was appreciated. Mrs. Col. Howell's address at night was full of convicting power, but no souls were recorded at the mercy-seat.

At Riverdale, Major Simeon led on. An exceptionally large crowd welcomed the Major and her assistants on Saturday night. The Band, under Captain Myers, was also present.

Before the finish of the opening song, a poor drunkard came and knelt at the mercy seat.

On Sunday, good crowds were present at all the meetings. Adjutant Young led the morning and afternoon testimony meetings; Captain Boddy soloed in the morning meeting.

Brigadier Potter conducted the dedication service of Brother and Sister Leggatt's little one in the afternoon.

At night the Major's address on the influence of good or bad "rowers" on board our vessel, as it goes over the sea of time to eternity, made a great impression on the people. One young man sought pardon.

At Chester, Brigadier Taylor was in charge. Although the crowds were small, the meetings all day on Sunday were profitable—to the Soldiers, especially so. The little Band helped the fighters in every meeting. Adjutant Peacock and Lieutenant Wilson also assisted.

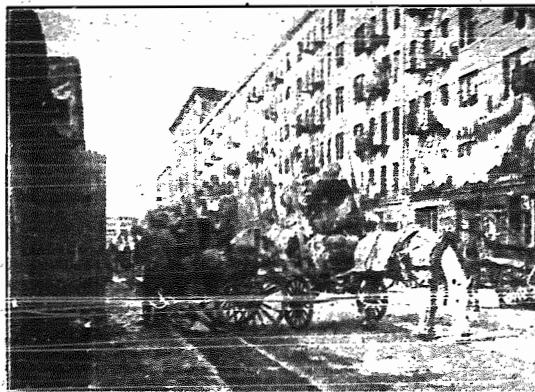
EXCHANGE.

Captain Wm. Black, of 218 North Franklin Street, Pottstown, Pa., U. S. A., would like to exchange the American War Cry, and Young Soldier, for Canadian issues. Who will take him up?

Sorrow only touches the spiritual life with a more mellow happiness.

MAKING MONEY OUT OF WASTE.

ALL THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.



An Important Consignment of Rags.

The fact that the means of locomotion is in a state of decrepitude has no bearing on the actual value of the goods.

(Continued from last week)

METHOD has been patented for extracting no less than five valuable products from wool fat, which are employed as bases for ointments and cosmetics, leather dressings and fibre lubricants. The fat removed amounts to about fifteen per cent. of the wool treated, which, at the minimum price of three cents a pound, means forty-five cents on every hundred pounds of wool "degreased," to use the technical expression. If to this is added the carbonate of potash recovered from the rinsing waters, which averages twenty-five cents for every hundred pounds, we have seventy cents as the minimum value of the by-products removed from every hundred pounds of raw wool. Before the solvent process of wool degreasing was introduced, it is estimated that between two and three million dollars' worth of wool fat and potash were annually wasted in the United States.

It may be supposed, that, after having been degreased, carded, woven into fabrics, and then cut and sewed into clothes, nothing more can be done with wool. The second-hand-clothes man knows better. When woolen clothes are so soiled and rent that even he cannot persuade any one to buy them, they are sold to a manufacturer, who tosses them into a machine, by which they are completely picked to pieces. The product of that picking is wool, which, although not equal to new wool, may, nevertheless, be used again. The threads are shorter than they were originally, but are still long enough for the weaver. Mixed with cotton, they once more do service in a coat. When the wool wears off and the tightly-twisted cotton makes its appearance, the coat is again picked to pieces, and the cotton removed by a process called carbonizing, and by treatment with sulphuric acid. The product obtained is known to every one as shoddy. Were it not for shoddy, there would not be a sufficient amount of raw material to meet the demands of the clothing-maker, except at greatly increased prices. So general is the use that no one can honestly say he has not worn the same coat twice. A millionaire stockbroker may be wearing the promoted rags of a beggar, and his wife the discarded skirt of a convicted shop-lifter. After absolutely nothing is left of a woolen rag that cannot be spun or woven into a new textile, the wool is mixed with hoofs, horns and the blood from slaughter-houses, and combined with wood ashes and scrap iron, all to form a base out of which the beauti-

ful dye known as Prussian blue is made.

This well-nigh complete exhaustion of a woollen fabric's possibilities finds its counterpart in almost every other textile industry. The working up of waste fibers has been so perfected that very little of the raw material is now thrown away. In the silk manufacturer's lexicon, for example, there is no such word as waste; probably, because of the rise in price of raw silks. Many years ago, the outside and inside husks of cocoons were mere refuse. Now they are bought and sold as more or less valuable raw material. Japan and China export large quantities of moth-pierced cocoons, husks, known as knobs, and curles, winder's waste and floss silk. When we consider what excellent ribbons, velvets and plushes are now made from short fibers and wastes, it seems almost almost incredible that at one time pieces of raw China silk, otherwise unavailable, were actually used for wiping the machinery of a throwing mill.

The same story could be told of cotton. Nearly all cotton rags, as well as linen rags, if they are sufficiently long of staple, are re-spun. Although much cotton waste finds its way to the paper-maker, the time is not far distant, when, like flock and shoddy, even short cotton fibers will be worked over again for textiles. As it is, the waste of cotton mills is employed for the making of batting and wadding, and of carpet linings. About a million dollars' worth of what otherwise would be wasted, is thus annually utilized.

An industry may produce so much waste that from sheer necessity

some use must be made of that waste. Of no industries is this truer than those in which wood is employed. Every sawmill produces an amount of sawdust which must be disposed of in some way, if it is not to be piled up in a huge hill, a prey to spontaneous combustion. There are not enough dolls to stuff into life-like rotundity with it, nor enough bar-room floors to sprinkle with it. The most obvious method of removal is to burn the sawdust as a fuel. Like many obvious methods, it failed when first tried, because of the difficulty of burning powder-like combustibles. Latterly, however, sawdust has been moulded into briquettes, and special forms of furnaces have been devised which render it possible to burn it instead of coal under a boiler. Attempts have also been made to generate gas for power from sawdust, with more or less success. Extremely profitable are those industries in which sawdust, shavings and other wood refuse are worked up just as if they were as plastic as clay—an end rendered possible by the invention of mixing and kneading machines, moulds and presses. Artificial wood, which looks for all the world like what it is not, is made from hydraulically-pressed sawdust, held together by glue-water and soluble glass, or blood and potassium bichromate.

When polished, this bois duri, as the French call it, possesses a beauty of appearance not found even in ebony, rosewood, or mahogany.

The chemist, too, has turned wood to profitable account. One of his recent achievements is the discovery of a method of converting certain ingredients of sawdust into wood alcohol. Furthermore, the production of acetic acid, wood naphtha, oxalic acid and tar from sawdust is a comparatively recent enterprise. The sawdust from birch and some other species of trees yields a palatable sugar after chemical treatment. Artificial vanilla extract—vanillin—may also be regarded as much a chemical product of wood waste as of coal tar; for, some years ago, a German chemist, Dr. Theodore Hartwig, discovered in conifers a new principle, which he christened "coniferin," from which artificial vanilla is obtained in the form of a white, crystalline powder.

Other forms of wood waste are transformed into viscose, and then into artificial silk of which, about five tons a day is made in Europe. The demand for exceeds the supply. According to Professor Robert Kennedy, a pine tree is worth about ten dollars a ton; cut and stripped, it is worth fifteen dollars; boiled into pulp, it is worth forty dollars; bleached, it is worth fifty-five dollars; which, turned into viscose and spun into silk, is worth five thousand five hundred dollars. Clearly, our wasted timber has interesting possibilities. Wood pulp, or cellulose may be regarded as a gold mine, the full value of which no man can estimate for our knowledge of its chemistry is lamentably scant.

By a strange anomaly, the paper-making industry utilizes more different kinds of waste than any other, and yet produces an amount of waste

that is still—the chemical static, waste, hemp waste, jute, ropes, canvas, tan, and even steel have all been used. Each year, however, with increasing use of cotton and bulk of paper on which no paper is made from wood pulp. The large American newsies sell the same each day, and this means the degradation of a side. Fifty per cent. of the wood out of which printing paper is made drains and pollutes rivers. An ample of waste that is increasing in these days, when the appearance of forests is a national concern.

Promoted to Glory.

MOTHER EGERTON OF GLEN.

Mother Egerton, of Glen, peacefully home to Heaven, died, February 16th.

Mother was a Soldier for twenty-six years and was respected in Galt and the surrounding district. Always going about in Master's business; visiting the sick and distressed, and ever ready to smile and "God bless you" was also a very successful agent, and was received in the offices and homes of many business people, and became a blessing to them.

The funeral service was



by Ensign Weir, the Corps. The march to the cemetery surprised the Officers, Band and drummers, and many friends.

We had a very impressive memorial service on the Sunday when the power of God was felt, and four souls were

G. W. Krosin.

SISTER JONES OF LEAVENWORTH.

Sister Adelia Jones, of Leavenworth Corps, has been called to reward.

Her promotion to Glory was unexpected. She patiently bore for days of suffering, and it would say, "I am suffering faithfully, but I still love Jesus."

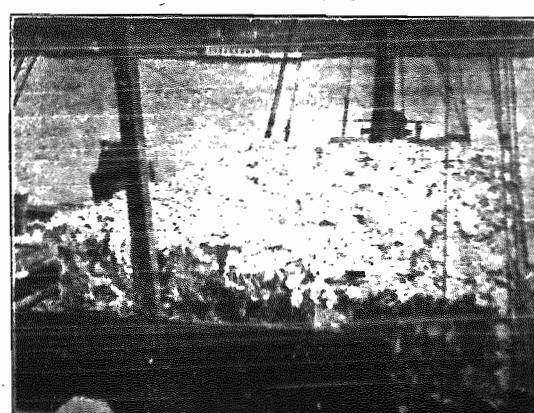
She leaves a husband and little girls.

Her comrades in the Corps miss her bright, sunny, cheerful disposition.

BROTHER WM. SHAW OF VICTORIA, B.C.

Brother William Shaw, who died in Illinois, was promoted to the Kingdom on Monday, January 16th. He was also a Soldier of the Cross, and called out of the meeting house, and carried to the home, where his hand struck high heaven.

For a few weeks before his death, the Commissaries and the officers and comrades of the Corps had been praying at 7 o'clock every evening for the special intercession of



A Precious Cargo of Paper Going to a Factory by Special Tow.

DOWN IN THE ABYSS.

By Mrs. Harold Gorst.

(Continued from last week.)

WHEN we arrived at the house in which Mrs. B— lived, the door was opened by a child with dirty face and hands, but with a superb head of well-combed, red-golden curly hair. Outside the two rooms in which the family lived, we stumbled over a miscellaneous heap, comprising washstand, tin pail, and a couple of saucers. These represented the family bathing-place, laundry, and scullery.

Dirt and Good Temper.

Mrs. B—, carrying the boy twin in her arms, greeted us, as we entered the dirty, small, overcrowded room. Dingy clothing hung from the bedposts, door-handles, and from every available nail, absorbing what little air we brought with us, with the greediness of blotting-paper. Mrs. B— was extremely untidy.

muddle: the baby's been a handful, and she's fair wore out."

As we went downstairs, the Captain said: "There's an improvement already. Did you notice how clean and well-groomed the children's hair was? Yes, I know the room was in a mess, but we must have patience. It takes longer than three months to overcome the habits of years. But Mr. B— has ideals of his own, and now that he is in work he can begin to hope for better things. It's something, too, that both are steadily keeping from drink. Next week I shall bring a couple of Cadets down, and between us we shall make that untidy place look splendid. Soap and water, blacklead, and a will, accomplish wonders. And when Mrs. B— sees her home nice and straight, she will hearten up, and perhaps try to keep it so."

"But, suppose she doesn't, and lets it all get into a muddle again?"

"Well, then, we'll clean it up again, and yet again, and again, until at length, for very shame's sake,

still sticking in the neatly-executed seam. A side-table bore a pile of clean linen, dampened, ready for ironing. The walls were thickly covered with framed pictures, texts in many cases being stuck in the corners of the glazing. There was a cot with a gay patchwork quilt in one recess, and a washstand and small bath in the other. The mantelpiece, a table, and several baskets were crowded with ornaments and photographs in frames.

Mrs. C— has two children. Her husband earns a pound a week, and "gives me heavy penny of it." Occasionally she gets an odd job at cleaning, sewing or washing. "One way and another, we make things meet very comfortably. Compared to heaps of poor things round about 'ere, we live in clover."

What was the history of this woman? It seemed impossible to believe that she could possibly have been, at any time, other than self-respecting, sober, and decent. Nevertheless, I learn, to my unbounded astonishment, that some years previously she had been "one of the worst of the worst," as the Captain said.

By what secret process do The Salvation Army contrive to win the confidence and the love of even the most degraded of human beings? I put the question to our guide.

"I don't know," Captain replied, reflectively, "unless it is that we have trust in them, and that they know that we love them too."

The Army's Creed.

Many more things we saw that day, indisputable proofs of the far-reaching effects that the simple creed of love and confidence has begotten. Such noble institutions as the Maternity Home—where unmarried mothers, mostly young girls, are comforted and tended during the hour of trial, and sent out into the world again, conscious of a helping hand that will never fail them in the direst distress—deserve more than passing mention. The Salvation Army seem, indeed, to undertake all the real work of Social reform which appears to be so far beneath the notice of Parliaments, Municipal Authorities, and Poor Law Guardians.

Major Hay Looks Back Twenty-Five Years.

(From the Orillia "News-Letter.")

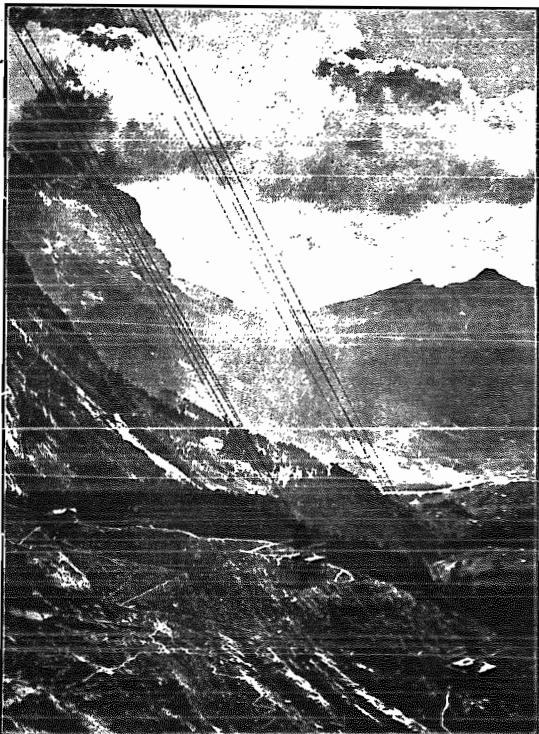
The local Salvation Army Citadel was filled to its capacity on Thursday evening, on the occasion of a special meeting held to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the enrollment of Major Hay, Divisional Superintendent, as a member of The Army. The local Officers, Captain and Mrs. Weir had worked indefatigably to mark the occasion with a successful demonstration, and in this they were loyally aided by the members of the Orillia Corps.

Letters and telegrams of congratulation from Cobalt, Haileybury, and other points throughout the Division, were read during the evening. The Band of the local Corps furnished excellent music throughout the evening, and fully merited the encomiums passed upon their skill as musicians by the townspeople generally.

Aside from the addresses of Major Hay and his estimable wife, there was but one special attraction, but he was a whole host in himself—Adjutant Habkirk of Toronto, whose versatility made him equally at home with the banjo, dulcimer and other instruments, but his best rendition—his chief piece—was that played upon the organ chimes, which thrilled and delighted the large audience, who were by no means chary, in bestowing applause.

Mrs. Hay gave a short address, in which she referred to her husband's experience in various branches of The Army's work, in different parts of the Dominion.

Major Hay was given an ovation when he rose to address the large audience. His retrospect of the last twenty-five years was intensely interesting, and was flavored by a caustic humor that kept his audience always on the qui vive. In a short outline of his career as a Salvation Army Soldier, the Major gave



The Aerial Line Up the Side of the Wetterhorn at Grindelwald.

This aerial line rises from the valley to a terminal station some 7,000 feet up the flank of the Wetterhorn, from which a magnificent panorama is obtained. The two cars act as counter-balances, one descending as the other ascends.

Her bodice was unfastened; her hair hung about neck and face, both sadly, in need of soap and water; her broken corsets lent a misshapen appearance to her figure. On the other hand, she was good-tempered, and even refined in manner.

Her husband, who came from an inner room, in which his loom was set up (he is a silk-weaver), presented a great contrast to his wife—clean in person and dress, with sturdy pride visible in his upright carriage and unflinching eyes. The room in which he worked was clean and orderly in comparison with the other.

"Thank you, Captain. Yes, I'm glad to say, I'm in full work just now, and we're getting on first-rate. I hope it'll continue. You, with an energetic glance backwards, for we were standing in his room, will kindly excuse the wife being in a bit of a

she may be brought to make the effort for herself."

The next home at which we called was a welcome contrast. A handsome, dark-eyed woman, nursing a clean little boy of three, received us, with every appearance of pleasure, though exclaiming: "There now!—just 'cos I ain't been able, owing to my Tommy 'ere—'e's been that bad since he come from the hospital—so turn out my room properly, I have visitors!"

A Bright Spot.

She need not have apologized, for her single room was perfectly tidy and clean. A bright fire burned in the shining grate. The high guard round it was partially covered with well-washed clothes, hanging to air. On the bed, which was covered over with a chintz quilt, was a piece of white sewing, with the needle

and attitude of prayer beside—a stronger testimonial than any words he have spoken.

skill could do nothing for and he passed away without reference to consciousness.

comrade, with his wife, came from Vernon, several months and seldom missed a meeting. He buried with S. A. honours.

funeral services in the Citadel at the Ross Bay Cemetery, were directed by Staff-Captain Hayes and Captain Kauffman. The Silver Band led the procession through the quiet streets, and by the playing of funeral march, "Promoted to Heaven" made a great impression.

memorial service was held in the Theatre on the following Sunday. The subject of the Staff's address and Bible reading "Heaven" and we trust that many darkened souls caught a ray of that beautiful city, where there shall be no more death.—A. E.

SISTER COPELAND, OF HUNTSVILLE.

February 10th, God saw fit to remove from the ranks of the Huntsville Corps our much loved Sister, Sister Copeland.

as she was familiarly known, lay on a sick bed for nine days. She had been very patient through it all, her main object during her illness being to comfort the unconverted who visited that the personal knowledge of as a Saviour was a grand thing in one's last hours.

Sister was buried on Sunday, February 13th, and we gave her a full Army funeral. The service was directed by Captain Weir, of Orillia. The Band rendered good assistance while the procession marched through the town.

ed is using the death of our mate to His own wise ends.—M.

SISTER MCEACHERN, OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

February 20th, this comrade, known throughout the Canadian field, passed away to her rest.

was converted nearly twenty ago, at No. III. Corps, in St. John. For several years she toiled as a weaver, but, owing to ill-health, was forced to relinquish public work.

Brigadier Adby visited her the day previous to her death, and to Brigadier, she said she was just failing for the call to come. The Brigadier told her he was leaving Bermuda on Monday, whereupon a comrade sent a farewell message her old comrades.

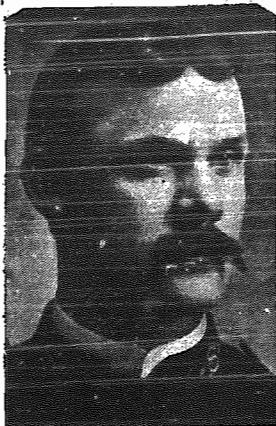
Sunday, the comrades of No. III. singing several songs outside the house, to her mother, our Sister remarked, "The singing is beautiful." When some flowers were given her, she said, "I shall soon be with the immortal blooms, Heaven's will be even more lovely." Mid-night she asked that she might be moved from the couch to the floor, and then asked her mother to pray that the Lord might take her. She also asked one of the comrades present to pray in like manner, and then she herself prayed that the Lord would come. In a few moments her right hand was raised heaven, and just as it seemed that she had a glimpse of Glory, her hand fell, and she was gone.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Millbury, who was assisted by Staff-Captain Barr. Captain and Mrs. Howland sang one of promoted Sister's favourite songs.

On Sunday, February 27th, an impressive memorial service, was conducted by Captain and Mrs. Howland the No. III. Hall. Several comrades spoke of the consecrated life our late comrade. Many persons were in tears.

They raised their hands for prayer, and three came and surrendered to

Odessa—Captain Mannion, the G. M. agent, conducted the meetings February 26th and 27th. The services on Saturday night were well liked.



Major Ray.

the following interesting particulars: He was born in Cannington, forty years ago; converted in S. A. on February 5, 1885. Went out as an Officer on March 2, 1887. His first station being Culdwater. He has filled, in all, thirty-six appointments since that time. He was in charge of the Orillia Corps for six months, fourteen years ago. His work has taken him to many towns throughout the Province. Montreal, the North-west, Pacific Coast and Montana, during most of which time he has either had charge of a Division, or was engaged in special relief work in the large cities. He had never regretted the step he had taken in casting his lot with The Army, and prophesied a great future for that organization. And indeed, to hear some of the experiences through which he has passed, and the almost miraculous conversions to which he abduced, there was much to inspire his auditors with a belief that the apostolic days are not a thing of the past, and that The Army has yet a busy future before it, in reclaiming fallen humanity, and setting their feet upon the straight and narrow path that leadeth unto eternal life.

Indiscriminate Charity.

The evils of indiscriminate charity were strikingly illustrated in New York recently, when Big Tim Sullivan, the Tammany district boss, decided to present everyone who came along on a certain day, with a new pair of boots and socks.

There were many touching scenes, the papers say, at the Sullivan headquarters, as the long line limped up to receive brand new shoes and heavy gray socks for nothing. A more seasonable gift could not occur to the mind of a benevolent and grateful politician, who owed his power, wealth and prosperity to the denizens of his modern American feudalty.

Curious to relate, the second-hand dealers, next day after the distribution, had abundant stocks of shoes that had only been worn once or twice. The dealers would not tell why so many people were disposing of their shoes, which, strange to say, were all of the same make and by the same maker. They were lamentably unable to connect the increase in their stocks of shoes, with the distribution of the day before. The Sullivan lieutenants had made everyone likely to dispose of his present wear the shoes when leaving.

It was also discovered next day, that there had been a quietly conducted traffic in tickets. The original tickets were supposed to be good for one day only, but it was announced that those unable to be on hand then, could get their shoes later. In the saloons that night, tickets were to be had for twenty-five cents, and in due time the purchaser limped into Sullivan's place, and, telling how he had been ill, hospital, received his shoes and socks. The little fellow was discovered, however, by Big Tim's lieutenants, who soon spotted strange faces.

The Easter War Cry

Is the Peer of all Its Predecessors—All Who Have Seen it Say It is Superior.

READY NEXT WEEK!

The Commander of the Toronto Division says: "The Supplement is the best picture I have ever seen produced in connection with Army literature."

Pictorial Contents.

Amongst the Principal Illustrations are:

The front page cover, in two colours, entitled, "The Corps Cadet." This is a decorative panel on which is depicted the pleasing face of a young girl cadet in Army uniform with a handsome floral background composed of Easter lilies and daffodils. A novel and striking cover.

The large two-page picture is a fine reproduction of Sigismund Goetze's great work "He emptied Himself of His glory. It is indeed one of the most powerful representations of the crucifixion we have ever seen.

Capt. Davis of St. Stephens, N.B., writes: "The supplement plate is a splendid picture and appeals to me strongly."

A striking portrait of MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH, which is super-imposed upon two views of the Women's Social Work, is a picture that will be of interest to many Canadians. It is without doubt the finest portrait of Mrs. Booth that has ever appeared in a Canadian publication.

A striking picture of human interest is that entitled "A Memory of the Past." This is a representation of a prisoner in his cell, gazing into space, wherein he sees a vision of himself when an innocent boy fishing in the creek on the old farm.

Another full-page picture is a reproduction of a striking photograph showing a Japanese Corps of Salvationists, a picture which gives a vivid glimpse at the work of the Army in the land of the Chrysanthemum.

There are numerous smaller sketches and decorations with numerous photographs, amongst which is a series of portraits of some of the world's WAR CRY Editors.

The Literary Contents.

The Commissioner contributes two articles to this number, one of which is entitled, "HOMICIDES WHO HAVE GOT CONVERTED." This is a compilation of remarkable cases of murderers who have been led to repentance, and is one of the most sensational articles we have ever published.

"THE VICTOR OF CALVARY AND THE WORLD," is the title of one of the Commissioner's most deeply spiritual articles.

"THE CROWN OF THORNS." By The General. This is an article that all should read, and, we predict, all will read.

"Mrs. Bramwell Booth," is a personal sketch. This is a most readable sketch of an interesting personality. The writer is Col. Duff, Editor of the "British Young Soldier."

The Personal Element is increased by a series of personal sketches of War Cry Editors and Canadian representative Field Officers.

There are other articles, stories and paragraphs of supreme interest.

BE SURE TO GET A COPY. ONLY FIVE CENTS.

READY NEXT WEEK!

Mr. Timothy Sullivan does not mind what became of the shoes. His charitable object—popularity—was attained.

Raisuli Reported Dead.

It is reported that Raisuli, the notorious Moroccan brigand, has been killed by poison.

Raisuli's character was certainly not a spotless one, but he was, undoubtedly, a born leader of men, and his audacious coups made him the most prominent and picturesque figure in Morocco, and secured for him a large-wide reputation.

Raisuli came of one of the most aristocratic families in Morocco, and

was a direct descendant of the Prophet. He received an excellent religious education, but preferred the more exciting career of a cattle robber. He, and the band he formed, became celebrated, and were feared. Money rolled in quickly, and was as quickly spent.

He was appointed Governor of Tangier not long ago, but was deposed, and again turned brigand. His greatest coup was the capture of Kaid MacLean, the Scottish chief of the Sultan of Morocco's military forces. The Kaid was a prisoner for eight months, and his release was only secured by the payment of a large ransom, and the promise of protection for Raisuli, from the British Government.

MISSING

To Persons, Relations and Friends, and to the Canadian Government, the Canadian Consul, and the Canadian Legation, the Canadian War Cry, respectfully, expresses its thanks for the interest shown in the following cases of missing persons, and for the kind assistance given in their search.

7624. ANDERSON, Florence L. (Sister) 5 ft., 8 in., blue eyes, complexion: Miss known address, unknown for news.

7278. CHRISTIE, John height 50, 80; blue eyes, dark complexion; working as an Cape Breton, Nova Scotia.

7739. THOMAS, JOHN, Age 40; dark complexion; heard of in 1894, and was then sailing on the coast. Friends in New York.

7724. VAUGHN, FANNY, age 24; May 1, the last two days wrote to Mr. Gosselin, Mr. Van Tassel. Faded news.

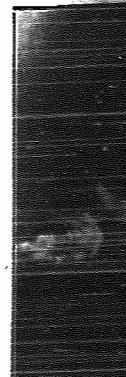
7721. NISBETTE, age 33, weight about pounds; height 5 ft. complexion: dark eyes; last heard of in the North Dakota four years ago. Enquiries.

7615. COPLAND, John, be going by the name of John; married; age 25; blue brown hair; blue eyes; complexion: missing unknown address. Known.

7534. ROSS, ALICE, 36; height 5 ft. hair; dark eyes; same name; one for architect. Last heard of C. P. R. Friends unknown.

7650. COOPMAN, Age 34; height 5 ft. hair; dark blue eyes; complexion. Friend was an agent for Machine Co. for months. Last seen Orangeville. News unknown.

7653. MISSING, News will be paid by Mrs. Sackville, New Brunswick, for information which will establish the whereabouts of his son, Robert, who was last seen in 1 a.m., November 24, 1894.



Description—5 ft. 11 in.; weight about 180 pounds; dark complexion; black hair; blue eyes; build: large frame; right angle of chin, very heavy black moustache; amount of hair on head, very nervous; teeth when excited, very dark grey; lanolin rain coat; black bow tie; gold seal; pin; "Monte Carlo" Had about 1000 in his Civil engine.

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Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tune.—My Jesus, I love Thee.
 1 Oh, boundless salvation, deep ocean of love!
 Oh, fulness of mercy, Christ brought from above!
 The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,
 Now flowing for all men—come, roll over me!

Chorus.

The heavenly gates are blowing,
 The cleansing sea is flowing,
 Beneath its waves I'm going,
 Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

O ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood
 On the brink of the wonderful, life-giving flood;
 Once more I have reached this soul-cleansing sea
 I will not go back till it rolls over me.

The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave,
 I hear the loud call of "Thy Mighty to Save;"
 My faith's growing bolder—delivered I'll be—
 I plunge 'neath the waters—they roll over me.

Tunes.—Draw me nearer, 225; Belmont, 24.
 2 I want a principle within
 Of jealous, godly fear;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.

Chorus.

Draw me nearer, blessed Lord.
 I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride or fond desire;
 To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience made
 Awake my soul when sin is high,
 And keep it still awake.

Free and Easy.

Tune.—Never mind, go on! B. J. 72.
 3 In the fight, say, does your heart grow weary?
 Do you find your path so rough and thorny?
 And above the sky is dark and stormy?
 Never mind; go on!
 Lay aside all fear, and onward press
 ing.
 Bravely fight, and God will give His blessing;

Though the war at times may prove distressing,
 Never mind; go on!

Chorus.

When the road we tread is rough,
 Let us bear in mind,
 In our Saviour strength enough,
 We may always find.
 Though the fighting may be tough,
 Let our motto be:
 "Go on, go on to victory!"

Faithful be, denying not to follow
 Where Christ leads, though it may be
 through sorrow;
 If the strife should fiercer grow to-morrow,

Never mind; go on!

Cheerful be, it will your burdens lighten,
 One glad heart will often others brighten;
 Though the strife the coward soul may frighten,
 Never mind; go on!

Tunes.—Come, comrades, dear, 133;
 Lives, 138.

4 Come, comrades, dear, who love the Lord,
 Who taste the sweets of Jesus' word,

In Jesus' way go on;

Our troubles and our trials here
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.

And when we come to dwell above,
 And all surround the throne of love,
 We'll drink a full supply;

Jesus will lead His soldiers forth
 To living streams of richest worth,
 That never will run dry.

Salvation.

Tune.—Death is coming, 131, C and D.; Song Book, No. 150.

5 Sinners, whither would you wander?
 Whither would you stray?

Oh, remember, life is slender,
 'Tis but a short day.

Death is coming, coming, coming,
 And the Judgment Day;

Hasten, sinners, to the Saviour!
 Seek the narrow way!

Listen to the invitation,
 While He's crying, "Come!"

If you tarry this great Salvation,
 Hell will be your doom.

Would you 'scape the awful sentence?
 From destruction flee!
 Seek the Lord—by true repentance—
 Haste to Calvary.

Tunes.—Monmouth, 9; Eb and G; Song Book, No. 219.

6 Dear Lord, and can it ever be—
 A sinful man ashamed of Thee?
 Abandoned of Thee, whom angels praise—

Whose glory shines through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus? yes, I may
 When I've no sin to wash away,
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
 And no immortal soul to save.

Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
 Till then, I'll boast the Saviour slain;
 And Oh, may this my glory be—
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

MISSING

(Continued from page 765.)
 BRYCE, FRANCIS
 Salvation Army Soldier
 England. Mother and brother
 for news. Letters are
 him at the Post Office
 previous to disappearance.

7616. MONDAY, March 20.
 Came to this country "Empress," October 10, 1914, of in Toronto, March 19, to be working for the Canadian Red Cross. To be working for the Canadian Red Cross.

7714. GODFREY, JOHN

ICKAGE, age 29; height 5 ft. 7 in.; blue eyes. Painter. Last known to Rochester, N. Y. Worked for Life Saving Crew. Gave up work very ill; anxious to be home. No news.

7709. NORMAN, JAMES

fairly tall; fair hair; brown complexion; supposed to be a farm hand.

Nassau, Que. News wanted.

7682. JORGENSEN, L.

Dane by birth, 40 years old; on one check; blue eyes. Last known to Atholmer, Ontario, March, 1908; was then in Montreal most anxious to be home.

7653. CHAMBERLAIN

26; height 5 ft. 7 in.; blue eyes; pale complexion.

Last heard of in New York.

7512. LAIRD, C. J.

Head of family; in the concert business. News wanted.

7185. MCKEE, ALICE

in Farley Avenue, Toronto; urgently wanted.

7712. PACHEY, ERIC

Left Nottingham, England, 1949; last heard of in Ottawa, March, 1950, in West.

7717. ARMSTRONG

Age 26; height 5 ft. 10 in.; dark brown hair; brown eyes; fair complexion.

At Wardens, P. O. Box 100, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada.

Might be in the body of a district. Mother very ill.

Just died. Urge.

7682. CATES, E. B.

5 ft. 5 in.; fair hair; brown complexion; English by trade. Missing for four years.

Last seen four months ago.

WILLIAM CATES

sons in the British Army.

who would be his next of kin, as

admitted passenger, and

last to LLOYD'S, Liverpool, Immigrant Department, Toronto, Ont.